

Mr Chamberlain and his famous monocle



I PREFER THE MONOCLE

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, Britain's Secretary of State for the Colonies, who captivated England as a Radical, captivates it as a Tory, and would captivate it as a Russian or a Boer—such is the charm of his intelligence—and his monocle are not two, they are one.

A round glass in a frame of gold, this as a grandmother's wedding ring worn by age, that the Greek philosopher who said that there were three souls: one in the heart, one in the head and one in the stomach, did not know Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S monocle.

He talks of it slightly. In his conversation with the representative he says that his monocle is to him what a compass is to a mariner. He considers the scientific aspects of a monocle. He says that it does not hurt his eyes, that it does not distort his muscles—what does he not say? He is the cleverest diplomat in Europe. He is capable of making deeper the wrinkle that curves around the right side of his mouth, straighter the arch over his right eyelid, he twitches at the right corner of his lips. And these are not easily perceptible.

That monocle is Aladdin's lamp, Merlin's wand, Mercury's caduceus. Ask him to exchange it for a new monocle, inlaid by a jeweller to the Queen, with pearls of opal, rubies and emeralds, and mark the effect upon him and his monocle! You might as well ask him to exchange his soul for Balfour's. And yet, at Danvers, in Massachusetts, in the drawing-room of his father-in-law's country house, he spoke as follows:

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle on the right eye)—Oh, you have met me! How did you learn where I was?

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—By astrology. Do you know what is Americans your greatest attribute?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—An American wife, daughter of the Hon. William Endicott.

The monocle falls flat on the yellow linen waistcoat, near the fourth button, and does not oscillate.

CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—No, your attribute in the classic sense.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Oh, my orchid! It isn't always the same orchid, you know.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—No, not your orchid; your monocle.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle, aided by two of his fingers, going to his right eye in a graceful curve)—Oh, how singular!

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Why do you wear it? Is it an amulet, or a habit, like the cigarette that Napoleon III. rolled, or the cane which he held always and about which Mme. Emilie de Girardin has written so much?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Oh, I wear it for a reason simpler than any of those. I wear it because I am one of the most near-sighted men in the world. Without my eyeglass I may not recognize a person five feet away. Indeed, I find myself constantly passing people in the streets of London with whom I am intimately acquainted. They tell me after they meet me on such and such a day in such and such a street, that I deliberately cut them. It is a fact that unless I succeed in getting my glass properly focussed upon their faces I cannot recognize them.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN sends through the monocle a steel blue ray of his intellect.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—That is a good reason to wear a monocle. You might pass in the arc of your left eye. You have another reason to wear a monocle, haven't you?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Oh, I prefer it.

(The monocle falls on the linen waistcoat, with emphasis.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—That is a good reason, but not for you. There are so many things that one prefers and does not indulge in.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (The monocle in his right hand, assuming a penitent attitude; yes, it is a living thing)—Probably there is another reason. Wearing a single eyeglass is like looking through a telescope with one eye.

The mariner can fix his gaze better with one eye.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Is there a reason of comfort or convenience?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—It is not a question of comfort or convenience. It is a question of the armed population of the country, and it is trained to be a band of body servants. And even when the soldiers return to private life, the idea of servitude is carefully kept up, and he finds again in the military "Verein" the beloved barracks life, with all its servile submissiveness and abnegation of free will.

Government by Police.

IT is a police state such as we have never known, not even before '48. For at least every man got his rights in those days, scanty as those rights may have been, and the official was not the enemy of the citizen, but his somewhat despotic guardian and protector. Shall I say all?

The most consoling class to me in Germany are the Social Democrats. They have the independence of spirit, self-denial, character and idealism. Their ideals are not my ideals—far from it—but what does that matter? It is relief enough to find people who have any ideals at all, and

who are ready to suffer and die for them.

A Love-Crazed Woman.

SHE stretched out her arms to him and drew him to her, and pressed him so tightly to her bosom that he could hardly breathe. Then she burst into tears, and wept so bitterly, so inconsolably, from the bottom of her heart, like a child who has been very deeply hurt. In order to value woman's tears aright, one must have often seen them flow. Wilhelm was a novice in this respect. He imagined that

Phil's tears were the outcome of the same amount of pain as he must have felt to weep like that, and every drop fell like molten lead upon his heart. His resolutions melted like ice before the fire; he had not the courage to wound this clinging, loving, sobbing creature. He rocked her gently in his arms till, exhausted by her frightful excitement, she fell asleep.

The storm was over for this time, but her confidence, her joyous sense of security, was gone forever. The scene left her with a nervous restlessness which gradually increased to morbid fear. She was haunted by the idea that Wilhelm had some plan for deserting her. She could not get rid of the thought—it assumed the aspect of a possession.

On Fashionable Society.

"WHAT these people come here for is to satisfy their lower inclinations; you must see this for yourself; if you do not allow yourself to

violence impressive enough upon one who cares neither for comfort nor convenience to wear a single eyeglass?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Certainly. It may be dropped from the eye at any moment. It does not hide so much of the eyes or face as eyeglasses or spectacles do. It does not make marks on the nose. It does not make a man look so old or so studious.

(The monocle goes up to MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S right eye with a pleasant air of familiarity.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have worn the monocle since when?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Since I was eighteen years of age. I expect to wear it at my funeral.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—I wonder if it be an hereditary trait in you?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My father wore a monocle for the greater part of his life. My son Austin, who is a Member of Parliament and resembles his father extremely, people say, wears one also. Perhaps his son will wear one.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Do you read with it?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—No, I drop it when I want to read. I have a pair of glasses for the study.

(MR. CHAMBERLAIN took out of his pocket eyeglasses fitted for a severe case of myopia.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You wear the monocle on your right eye only, do you not?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Yes, because I am right handed, I suppose. It is the eye that I turn naturally to any object that I wish to see.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, I thought that your right eye was weaker than the other.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—It is not.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Do you ever wear the monocle on the left eye?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—No, but I can do so if I wish.

(The monocle goes from the right to the left eye, aided by MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S deft hand, and causes a grimace.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—How do you keep it on?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle gleaming with pride)—By a slight effort of the muscles at the corner of the eye. I never notice it. I do not remember if I ever noticed it.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Did it ever drop without your will or knowledge?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle assuming an injured air)—Never. I can ride or swim with it. It never falls off. That is why it is excellent.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Can you sneeze without taking it off?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Oh, gracious, yes!

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—I thought that in England as in France one wore an eyeglass to be attractive or impressive.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle falling to the waistcoat near the fourth button, without oscillation, and rising to the right eye unconsciously)—I never knew that. If a man has any trouble with his sight he wears the sort of glass that he prefers. If he wishes to affect a physical ailment which he has not there is no law against that. That sort of thing is like wearing half and beard of great length, odd clothes and outlandish hats.

There are affectations in men as in women. In fact, I fancy that there are more affectations in men than in women; but I do not think my monocle is an affectation.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

(The monocle falls on the waistcoat, oscillating a little.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have not a ferocious air. Would you advise young men to wear the monocle?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My advice would be of no value to them. They would have to consult an oculist. I have never been admitted to that branch of medical science. If a young man uses a monocle when he does not need it he ought to consult an expert in mental diseases, not an oculist.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Great oculists say that the monocle injures the sight, the muscles of the eye and those of the entire face.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle taking its place on his right eye, perhaps unaided)—Great oculists have never said that to me. My monocle has never hurt my eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had an expression of resentment as if his monocle had been threatened, but it came for an instant and vanished. He smiled; he was happy. The monocle was radiant.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

(The monocle falls on the waistcoat, oscillating a little.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have not a ferocious air. Would you advise young men to wear the monocle?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My advice would be of no value to them. They would have to consult an oculist. I have never been admitted to that branch of medical science. If a young man uses a monocle when he does not need it he ought to consult an expert in mental diseases, not an oculist.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Great oculists say that the monocle injures the sight, the muscles of the eye and those of the entire face.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle taking its place on his right eye, perhaps unaided)—Great oculists have never said that to me. My monocle has never hurt my eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had an expression of resentment as if his monocle had been threatened, but it came for an instant and vanished. He smiled; he was happy. The monocle was radiant.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

(The monocle falls on the waistcoat, oscillating a little.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have not a ferocious air. Would you advise young men to wear the monocle?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My advice would be of no value to them. They would have to consult an oculist. I have never been admitted to that branch of medical science. If a young man uses a monocle when he does not need it he ought to consult an expert in mental diseases, not an oculist.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Great oculists say that the monocle injures the sight, the muscles of the eye and those of the entire face.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle taking its place on his right eye, perhaps unaided)—Great oculists have never said that to me. My monocle has never hurt my eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had an expression of resentment as if his monocle had been threatened, but it came for an instant and vanished. He smiled; he was happy. The monocle was radiant.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

(The monocle falls on the waistcoat, oscillating a little.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have not a ferocious air. Would you advise young men to wear the monocle?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My advice would be of no value to them. They would have to consult an oculist. I have never been admitted to that branch of medical science. If a young man uses a monocle when he does not need it he ought to consult an expert in mental diseases, not an oculist.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Great oculists say that the monocle injures the sight, the muscles of the eye and those of the entire face.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle taking its place on his right eye, perhaps unaided)—Great oculists have never said that to me. My monocle has never hurt my eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had an expression of resentment as if his monocle had been threatened, but it came for an instant and vanished. He smiled; he was happy. The monocle was radiant.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

(The monocle falls on the waistcoat, oscillating a little.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have not a ferocious air. Would you advise young men to wear the monocle?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My advice would be of no value to them. They would have to consult an oculist. I have never been admitted to that branch of medical science. If a young man uses a monocle when he does not need it he ought to consult an expert in mental diseases, not an oculist.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Great oculists say that the monocle injures the sight, the muscles of the eye and those of the entire face.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle taking its place on his right eye, perhaps unaided)—Great oculists have never said that to me. My monocle has never hurt my eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had an expression of resentment as if his monocle had been threatened, but it came for an instant and vanished. He smiled; he was happy. The monocle was radiant.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

(The monocle falls on the waistcoat, oscillating a little.)

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—You have not a ferocious air. Would you advise young men to wear the monocle?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—My advice would be of no value to them. They would have to consult an oculist. I have never been admitted to that branch of medical science. If a young man uses a monocle when he does not need it he ought to consult an expert in mental diseases, not an oculist.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Great oculists say that the monocle injures the sight, the muscles of the eye and those of the entire face.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (the monocle taking its place on his right eye, perhaps unaided)—Great oculists have never said that to me. My monocle has never hurt my eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN—Joe!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN had an expression of resentment as if his monocle had been threatened, but it came for an instant and vanished. He smiled; he was happy. The monocle was radiant.

JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE—Oh, there are habits which are a second

nature. Officers of the British army wear monocles to gain an aspect of ferocity. They look ferocious and do not know why.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I don't know about that. I do not wear a monocle to seem ferocious.

"THE MALADY OF THE CENTURY"—THE GREAT NORDAU'S NEW BOOK.

AUSTIC PARAGRAPHS OF CRITICISM OF MEN, WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT, SELECTED FROM ADVANCE SHEETS BY PERMISSION OF F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK, THE PUBLISHER.

The Curse of Militarism.

HUS the Government has successfully achieved the introduction into Germany of that most degraded form of self-worship—Chauvinism. It poisons morality by wisely organizing that conscience, every conviction should be its price. It debases her ideals by making her feel that she is a national patron saint to whom she is to offer up their devotion and

her literature, art, lecturing room and the same gospel, that the highest of humanity is the officer, and deeply discipline and smartness—words, slavish submission, self-sacrifice, and the upholding of force—are the noblest qualities of a patriot.

Do not forget that it is

the armed population of the country, and is trained to be a band of body servants. And even when the soldiers return to private life, the idea of servitude is carefully kept up, and he finds again in the military "Verein" the beloved barracks life, with all its servile submissiveness and abnegation of free will.

Government by Police.

IT is a police state such as we have never known, not even before '48. For at least every man got his rights in those days, scanty as those rights may have been, and the official was not the enemy of the citizen, but his somewhat despotic guardian and protector. Shall I say all?

The most consoling class to me in Germany are the Social Democrats. They have the independence of spirit, self-denial, character and idealism. Their ideals are not my ideals—far from it—but what does that matter? It is relief enough to find people who have any ideals at all, and

who are ready to suffer and die for them.

A Love-Crazed Woman.

SHE stretched out her arms to him and drew him to her, and pressed him so tightly to her bosom that he could hardly breathe. Then she burst into tears, and wept so bitterly, so inconsolably, from the bottom of her heart, like a child who has been very deeply hurt. In order to value woman's tears aright, one must have often seen them flow. Wilhelm was a novice in this respect. He imagined that

Phil's tears were the outcome of the same amount of pain as he must have felt to weep like that, and every drop fell like molten lead upon his heart. His resolutions melted like ice before the fire; he had not the courage to wound this clinging, loving, sobbing creature. He rocked her gently in his arms till, exhausted by her frightful excitement, she fell asleep.

The storm was over for this time, but her confidence, her joyous sense of security, was gone forever. The scene left her with a nervous restlessness which gradually increased to morbid fear. She was haunted by the idea that Wilhelm had some plan for deserting her. She could not get rid of the thought—it assumed the aspect of a possession.

On Fashionable Society.

"WHAT these people come here for is to satisfy their lower inclinations; you must see this for yourself; if you do not allow yourself to

be influenced by these pretensions, ceremonial forms, at least try to discover the reality that lies beneath them. What you call the height of civilization seems to me the lowest. Do you understand? I feel that cultured people in their drawing-room society are in the condition of savages and even allied to animals.

To try to discover what is going on in the brains of all these people at this moment, their highest power of activity of mind, which makes men of them, slumbers. They do not think, they only feel. The old gentlemen enjoy themselves with cigars, fees, the prospect of supper; the young men seek pleasant sensations in dancing with beautiful girls. The ladies seek in their partners and admirers to kindle feelings and desires—vanity, self-seeking, pleasure of the senses, gratification of the palate; in short, all that is not only like savages, but like animals. They are merry and contented at the prospect of a savory meal, and they are fond of playing tricks

on each other—both sexes chaff and tease constantly."

Rich and Poor.

IAM telling you the penalty of property. You must be just in everything. Granted that the rich man is a criminal; granted his idleness is an offense to your activity; granted that his roast meat and wine make your potatoes taste insipid; it is in the order of things that you should envy him. But what comes of this envy? Let us admit that you carry through anything you undertake.

*** The rich people are exterminated, their goods are divided among you; you are already making a discovery, viz., that the wealthy people are in a very small minority, hardly one in two hundred, and that the division of their whole property amounts to very little for each of you. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that you all become rich. What then? You throw away your working clothes and dress your-

selves in silk; you deck yourselves with silver and gold ornaments, and you sit on soft-cushioned sofas. Think how long these luxuries would last—a month, perhaps, at the most a year. Then the rich man's wife is all drunk, and his latter supply, the silk clothes are worn out and the sofas torn; you cannot eat precious stones and gold, and if you do not mean to starve you must begin working again,

The Spy System.

AMORAL pestilence—the craze for denunciation—spread itself over the whole of Germany, sparing neither the palace nor the hut. No one was safe either in the bosom of the family, at the club table, in the lecture room or in the street, from the low spy who, from fanaticism or stupidity, from personal spite or desire to make himself conspicuous, took hold of some hasty, imprudent word, turned it round, managed it, and brought it red hot to the magistrates, who seldom had the courage to kick the informer down stairs.